Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their points being broken,

Poines. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men grown out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell wold haue it, three miſ-begotte knaues, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets the, groſſe as a moũtain, opẽ palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſaiſt thou to this?

Poines. Come your reaſon Iacke, your reaſon.

Fal. What, vpon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtaruling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzell, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to vtter what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cõpariſons, hear me ſpeak but thus.

Poyn. Marke, *Iacke*.

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure & bound them, & were maſters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhal put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you from yo
it you here in the houſe: an
way as nimbly, with as quie
ſtill run and roare, as euer I h
to hack thy ſword as thou ha
what tricke? what deuice?
find out, to hide thee from t

Poin. Come lets heare *Iac*

Falſ. By the Lord, I kn
Why heare you my maiſte
apparant? ſhould I turne v
knoweſt I am as valiant as *H*
on will not touch the true P
was a Coward on inſtinct,
and thee, during my life; I, fo
Prince: but, by the Lord L
Hoſteſſe clap to the doores,
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, He
fellowſhip come to you. Wh
a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the arg

Fal. A, no more of that *H*

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord the

Prin. How now my Lady

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is
would ſpeake with you: he ſ

Prin. Giue him as much as
ſend him backe againe to my

Fal. What manner of ma

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie
giue him his anſwer?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke*.

Fal. Fayth, and ile ſend hi

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady y
did you *Bardol*; you are Lyo
you will not touch the true P

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſa

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